

The OTEEN

Indian for "CHIEF AIM."

Vol. I.

Saturday, Nov. 9, 1918

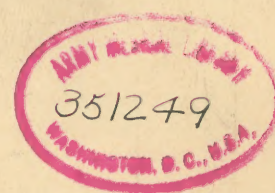
No. 1



THE SPIRIT OF OTEEN

Our Chief Aim, broadly stated, should be the giving of our best for the honor and services of our country. To this end, General Hospital No. 19 specifically has as its Chief Aim, the return to the battle of life, in full strength and vigor, of those committed to its care.

I want every officer, every member of the Nurse Corps, every enlisted man and every patient of this Hospital to feel the significance of our Indian word and find in it a suggestion of serious purpose. We are all soldiers in a common cause, clothed in the uniform of our Government. May we honor both the cause and the uniform! And may the spirit of Oteen, expressed by hearty co-operation, make every day count for success toward our chief aim.



Henry W. Haglund

LT. COL. U.S.A.
COMMANDING



NURSES

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1918-19

We are fully prepared now
to equip you with complete
regulation

Street Uniforms

Including Waists, Skirts and
Hats. Come in today and
be fitted with the things you
need.

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B

Vol I

Saturday, Nov 9, 1918

No. 1

Enter THE OTEEN smiling and hopeful. Youthful is our enthusiasm. We need little introduction, other than that which our Colonel has made on the preceding page. We're a much sided temperament, and need fellow spirits to smile with us, and others to enable us to iron out the rough spots as they may appear. We have our serious side too—we do not wish to appear as the light minded "slap stick" variety of sheet of which so many of the camps boast. Humor we must have. Primarily we will stand for what our Hospital is, "A Constructive Institution." We intend to visit you weekly.

Now that all our petty worries for the first issue are over, and the boys displayed such splendid co-operation in getting us properly started, we want to live up to your every expectation. We're here and we are going to stay, and it's up to every one to take us into this big family in our City in the Pines. Feed us with your little troubles and successes, make us representative of all that you stand for, and then send us out into the world and into your families where we'll be a source of enjoyment to them, a means to a better understand of what a really noble purpose General Hospital No. 19, represents.

Our sleeves are up, we're proud to pitch in and do our share. Every noble fellow here has done his bit to make this Hospital known all over the country as "The Finest Reconstruction Institution in the United States."



Reading advertisements, and particularly Oteen advertisements, is a mighty good habit to cultivate.

It may sound queer to you that reading advertisements is a good habit but not only is it a good habit, it is a *profitable* habit as well.

Advertisements have valuable information for everybody—that is why they are published.

A merchant who has clothing to sell at attractive prices or who carries a well know brand of shoes tells us about it thru the pages of magazines and newspapers.

But—if you do not read advertisements you do not hear about things which affect your daily lives and pocketbooks—and you lose accordingly.

Therefore, we urge you to read the advertising pages of The Oteen carefully and see what our advertisers have to offer you.



Our endeavor has been to produce a paramount issue in the limited time we have had. The ones best qualified to judge are our readers. Where it has fallen short—you must exercise much toleration toward us. Further cooperation we shall always need—groups of it—coming from every officer, nurse, patient and enlisted man. We are keenly anxious to receive articles of all descriptions, small and large, photographs, ideas, boosts—and knocks. The small Editorial room is on the balcony of the Red Cross Building and the latchstring is always out.

The decisive hour is approaching. That Germany is going to surrender is unquestionable. The whole right thinking world has believed this since August, 1914. Many far-visioned folks have even prophesied that it will have to come by Christmas time. Peace offensives are costing Germany nothing, they are no worse off if they fail. They sow discontent and strengthen the hands of the pacifists, who, thank God grow fewer as the peace offensives line up. Notes do not come from a nation deeply desiring peace, but from a thoroughly efficient Government utterly devoid of principle. Realizing a losing fight they are endeavoring to find a fit resting place for their ark. Replies like that of our President Wilson show that the German peace ship will eventually ground on the mud of the exhaustion of the nation. Slow to admit the military supremacy of the Allies, the Hun is crying "Kamerad." As the pressure of each month is making the payment worse, the crying will become more insistent, and the now famous "unconditional surrender" will evolve as a living factor.

World's decisions come to us by the hour, and tomorrow may see the whole scheme change. Our only hope, the far-visioned seers of the civilized nations have but one thought—a just and lasting peace. If we obtain this end the world will be safe for us and for future generations. An unjust settlement will take us back to a static form of war, dragging through years. When the collapse does come, and every man of the American First Army is banking on its coming with his life, if need be, it will leave us tense for what will come after. These are days when we must put forth our best efforts — heads must think clearly—nerves must sink their individuality and blend into the landscape.

Meanwhile we here on this side must all pull together, striving to be patient, strengthening our convictions that right will eventually win out. We will all travel the home road when an efficient licking is meted to Prussianism — not before — and that is not far distant.

"Kamerad"



OFFICIAL

BULLETIN / ORDERS

No leather puttees will be worn by the enlisted men of this Command, either on or off the Post. Sweaters must not be worn as an outside garment either on or off the Post, and will be worn under blouse or O. D. shirt.

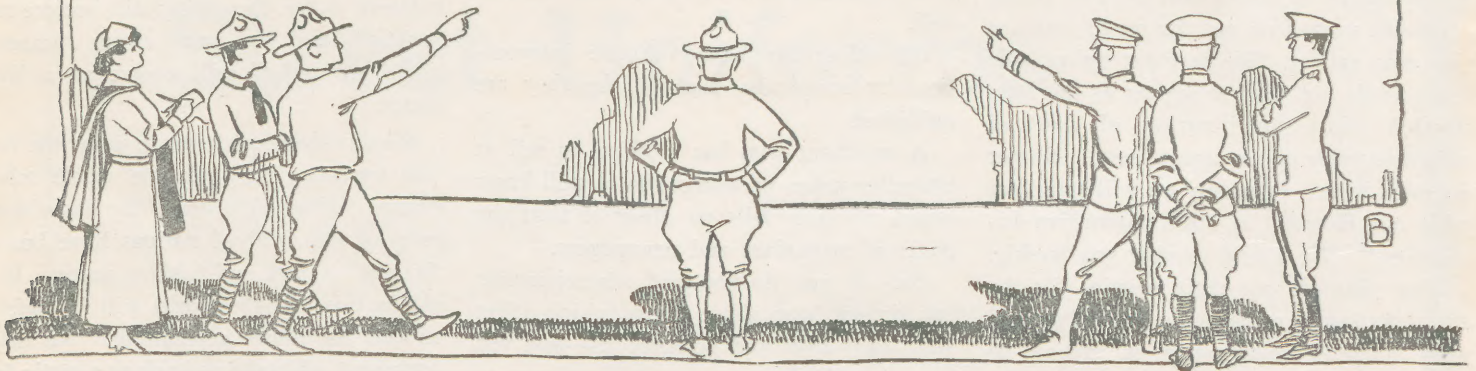
All men of this Command to whom passes are issued will report to the non-commissioned officer in charge of Quarters both before leaving and upon returning.

Pursuant to instructions from the Adjutant General's Office, the wearing of overseas caps by officers and enlisted men of this Command is prohibited. The necessary steps will be taken by those concerned for the exchange of overseas caps for the regulation service hat.

Soldiers going out on pass will be clean and neatly dressed, shoes shined and will report to the non-commissioned officer in charge of Quarters for inspection before leaving Post. Enlisted men on duty in the Hospital will at all times appear in proper uniform and present a neat soldierly appearance.

Spiral puttees or wrap leggings will be worn only by non-commissioned officers of the Patients' and Detachment forces. Effective this date.

All members of the Detachment shall attend drills on the days designated to them, except those especially excused by Detachment Officer or Commanding Officer.



OUR LECTURE COURSE BEGINS

A schedule of lectures have been inaugurated by the Command to be given to the Detachment Medical Department by the Chief Nurse and officers of this Hospital.

The course of three lectures given a week ago by the Chief Nurse on "Practical Nursing" held in the Nurses' Mess Hall proved of great interest and value, as did those of Capt. Elliott on "Tuberculosis" held in the Detachment Mess Hall.

Lieut. Clarke is scheduled for a course of talks on "Anatomy"—and Lieut. Stenbuck on the evenings of November 7th, 11th and 12th will lecture on Physiology—followed by Capt. Townsend on the 14th 18th and 19th of November with a series of talks on "Reconstruction."

The purpose of these courses is to more efficiently fit the men for the work they are called on to perform at this Hospital—and which will eventually advance them in their own respective lines.

SUGGESTED BY THE WEATHER

Of fair Azalea is my song
"Land of the Sky"
But when it rains the whole week long
You almost die.

The shining hills above us rise
In splendor bright
The sun one glorious moment shines
And then—*Good-night!*

In sheets of rain you go to town
(By ambulance)
And shop for things you cannot get
Before the dance.

In uniform of snowy white
Oh, botheration!
The mud will drive you to the brink
Of desperation.

Of fair Azalea is my song,
Where'er I roam
But if it rains another week
I'm going home.

—G.V.L.

SOME OF OUR OFFICERS LEAVE

Every week some more new officers arrive, but this week five of our old officers whom we have learned to regard as our friends, have been ordered away. With them go the hearts' wishes of every officer and enlisted man in the camp.

Major Wm. A. N. Dorland, M.C., U.S.A., Chief of Surgical Service, proceeds to Madison Barracks, New York, for like duty.

Capt. P. G. Paugh, M.C., U.S.A., Fire Marshal and Reclamation Officer, proceeds to General Hospital No. 29, Fort Shelling, Minn.

Lieut. James M. Moran, M.C., U.S.A., goes to U. S. Army Hospital at West Baden, Indiana.

Lieut. Arthur A. Koessel, M.C., U.S.A., proceeds to U. S. Army Hospital, West Baden, Indiana.

Lieut. Robert Staley, S.C., U.S.A., has been relieved as Mess Officer, this Hospital, and proceeds to Base Hospital No. 152, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.



Cheaney, the fire dog, is being shipped into the heavy artillery school next week.

★ ★

All non-combatants are to be issued the French colored "baby blue" uniforms—after the first of the year.

★ ★

There is to be a forced weekly bathing party in every barracks.

★ ★

Quarantine is to break tonight at midnight.

★ ★

That real eats are just ahead—and a representative Rector is in our midst.

★ ★

It's no rumor that the war is busting fast!

★ ★

Furloughs for Christmas.

★ ★

Gloom Zabin purchased a new starched shirt, with detached cuffs, for his first coming out after quarantine.

★ ★

Hor-de-ouerve will accompany detachment evening meals after the 10th instant.

★ ★

Feinstein, on the Democratic ticket, is running as Aide-de-Kahn.

★ ★

Rumors have it we couldn't get out a real sheet by the boys and for the boys!

★ ★

It is rumored that sixty-five of the original forty-three are sailing for overseas service about November the oteenth.

★ ★

RANK RUMORS

Join the Army and see the world.

Sunny South.

Good weather.

Sleep late in the morning.

Furloughs.

Sweetened coffee.

Breakfast without "sowbelly."

Asheville. passes.

And more rumors.

AND WE'RE GROWING ALL THE TIME

One has only to take a walk around the camp these days to realize the almost incredible changes that are constantly taking place in the matter of new buildings looming up. The civilian army at work finished the "valley" buildings in what seemed over night, and now they are beginning to cut up the hill for another twenty buildings. Where only the bats and blue birds flew a year ago is now an ideal Government Hospital. The pioneers in the camp figured the limit had been reached when we passed the sixty-seventh building mark, but now that we are seasoned a bit, readily it can be seen that it is but the start.

And we'll match our camp with the best in the land of its kind. The striking thing about it all these days is the uniform color of battleship gray of all the buildings—and the wonderful blaze of color of the autumnal foliage throughout the hills—the sort of thing that will live for years in the mind's eye of every city cliff-dweller of Azalea Hospital.



STORIED PLACES

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and watch, with cheerful eye, the hurried Turks burn up the land, as they go whizzing by. Through storied scenes they wildly rush, their coat-tails flapping wide; they're scratching for the underbrush, where they may hope to hide. By cool Siloam's shady rill the Turk, in deep distress, is wondering how Kaiser Bill got him in such a mess. Could I but stand where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er, I'd see the Turk vamoose for good from Jordan's sacred shore. The rose that blooms beneath the hill must shortly fade away, and so the Turk, with lust to kill, must perish and decay. Too long, too long, he's hung around, a blemish on this sphere; hark, from the tombs a doleful sound tells that his end is near. The Turk still trots on weary limbs, and leaves much dust behind; and, as we read, forgotten hymns, unbidden, come to mind. The hillsides and the streams knew One, long, long ago, who has inspired the hopes and dreams that all good Christians know. It is the soil of hallowed works, and it is good to see such moral lepers as the Turks chased out of Galilee. Oh, may they be forever banned, forever and a day, from Canaan's fair and happy land, where their possessions lay. — *Walt Mason.*



In the midst of routine work, the invitation to appear in print is a little appalling. "Have you a bright idea?" seems just at first a question with no answer. When "off duty" brings the welcome sense of relaxation, who is ambitious for literary fame? Nevertheless, "Oteen" appeals to us as something worth while, and we are glad to be recognized as sharing its interest and plans. There is inspiration for work in the expressed purpose of our leaders. We anticipate help from our various (proposed) recreations. Oteen promises us a needed interest and we gladly pledge to it our hearty co-operation.

★ ★

The Hallowe'en party has been something to look forward to all the week. The crosses placed opposite our names by obliging friends, signifying our desire to dance, may prove an unkindness to some partners; but it was unselfishly meant.

★ ★

Two of the nurses, Miss Butler and Miss Dutweiler, have been lucky enough to receive their overseas orders, and left us Sunday for New York City, their mobilization point. It took a truck to carry their friends to Asheville to see them off. Five Kenilworth nurses, also bound for "Over There," joined our girls at Biltmore.

★ ★

Helen (to Myrtle trying on a new military coat). "Good stuff in that coat."

Myrtle—"Yes; me."

★ ★

BEG PARDON!

"I suppose this is another office-trotter. Are you the O.D.?"

"No," (very kindly) "I'm not." (Smiles and goes on).

To Orderly—"Who was that?"

"The Colonel!"

——— !!

★ ★

TABLE TALK

"Why don't you write something for Oteen?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be good enough."

"Oh, you don't have to be brilliant."

Please, Miss Lyon, is the reflection on the writer or the reader?

—J.V.L.

EDITORIAL

OUR FIGHT

IT begins to look like most of us have been chosen to help our country by fighting tuberculosis rather than by fighting the Germans. To many this has been a disappointment. The glamor, the excitement, the hero-worship are lacking, and we feel we are not having a direct part in the great victory that is being won. We do not deny that this work is necessary and that some one must do it, but it is not exactly what we wanted to do ourselves.

After all, however, is not a good soldier the man who does the task assigned him promptly and efficiently, no matter what the task may be or where he may be stationed?

In war more men have died from disease than from wounds. Campaigns with every prospect of glorious success have ended ingloriously on account of the ravages of an unseen enemy. The work done by those of us chosen to fight disease is therefore no less important and no less honorable than that done by those in other branches of the Army, provided we do our work as well as they do theirs.

The first requisite for good work in the Army is that we know our enemy and know how to handle him. Chinese armies used to go into battle wearing hideous masks and bearing dreadful paper dragons. Their adversaries, timid on account of ignorance, were defeated before a blow was struck.

Although we laugh at such ignorance and timidity, to some extent we are guilty of it ourselves in our fight against tuberculosis.

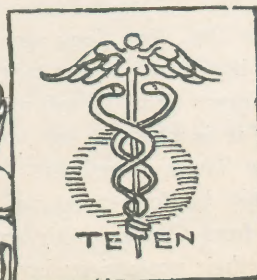
Before the discovery of the tubercle bacillus, thirty years ago, tuberculosis was looked upon as a mysterious affliction.

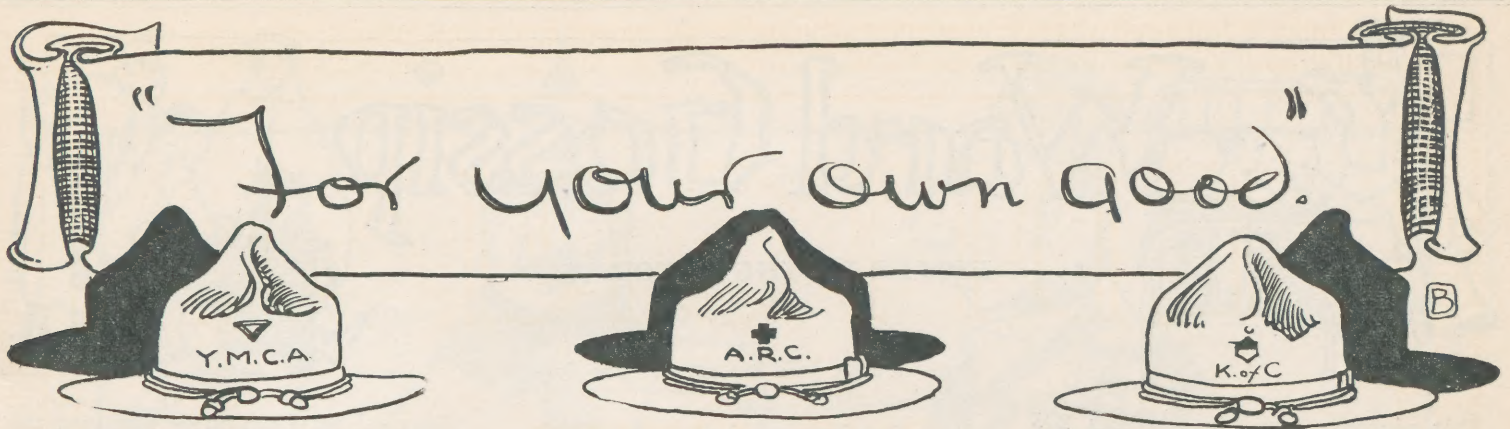
With the discovery of the tubercle bacillus the whole aspect of the disease was changed. Its cause was now known, and the fact was definitely established that tuberculosis was a communicable disease. A communicable disease meant to almost every one an easily communicable disease like scarlet fever or measles.

This soon led to an unreasonable fear of tuberculosis. Institutions for the treatment of tuberculosis were looked upon as pest-houses, and communities became terrified and indignant when these institutions were placed within their borders. Within the institutions great difficulty was experienced in securing proper help of all sorts. In short, all were terrified by the false face of the enemy.

Gradually this terror has passed away. Adults who associated with tuberculosis patients did not contract the disease in any greater number than those who supposedly did not; communities in which sanatoria were built became health centers instead of disease centers; and the employees within these institutions were found to have a much lower tuberculosis rate than that of the community from which they came. Strange as it may sound, a tuberculosis sanitarium has been proved to be about the healthiest place in which a man can live and work.

MAJOR W. G. TURNBULL,
M.C., U.S.A.





Y.M.C.A. WORK

The old Red Triangle, with whose helpful activities the soldier boys on both sides of the Atlantic have become so familiar during this World War, made its appearance at our great Hospital on the Nation's last Birthday, July Fourth, when there were but "the original forty-three" boys and one officer here. Thus far it has operated in one of the barracks, which was kindly loaned by the Commanding Officer. The "Y" is soon to have a home of its own, located just as near to the barracks as the construction regulations will allow, as its primary function, so far as its building activities are concerned, is to be that of serving the boys of the Detachment.

But not only will the new building have accommodations for the boys of the Detachment; it will also have a good-sized room for the officers, and a Ladies' Rest Room. Of course the pool tables, which have meant so much to the fellows in our temporary quarters, will be transferred to the new building, and we may expect the now familiar click of the balls to be heard from morning until the bugle sounds the call to quarters. And the writing tables will be there—only more of them—and the library, with a much more adequate supply of papers and magazines than heretofore. And of course the "movies" will be there, only that a fine new Number Six Power Machine, with strong arc light, will replace the small portable machine which we have been using for want of a booth in the barracks. The small machine, however, will still be used in the patients' mess halls, including the one on the hill. The program of entertainments, which has gained so large a measure of appreciation already, will at least be kept up to the present high standard. A large stage will afford better facilities for these and other features

RED CROSS NOTES

The American Red Cross has the following personnel at U.S.A. General Hospital No. 19 at present:

Wirt Howe, Field Director.
Marshall Moore, Associate Field Director.
Wylie Jameson.



Mr. Howe is in personal charge of all the Red Cross work at this Hospital, G. H. No. 12, and G. H. No. 18 at Waynesville. Mr. Moore has charge of the Hospital work in the wards at G. H. No. 19 and No. 12, and Mr. Jameson is General Assistant to Mr. Howe.



The Headquarters will be established in the Red Cross Building now nearing completion, which will in addition contain a club room comfortably furnished for the use of convalescents, nurses and the officers, and men of the Detachment a library and a stage for entertainments.



When the building is ready a matron and a librarian will be in residence and everything possible provided to make an attractive and homelike meeting and amusement place for every one at the reservation.



The Red Cross Building was unofficially finished at sundown on Friday last, and the doors swung open for a Hallowe'en Hop to the officers, their wives, and the Nurses of the Post. The night proved a fitting first night of entertainments for those in attendance. Dance music was provided by the Asheville Orchestra. This is one of a series of evenings to be given to the commissioned officers of the camp—during the coming weeks—and arrangements are under way to provide a weekly entertainment and dance for the enlisted men of the Post and their invited guests.

K. OF C. CLUB HOUSE NOW READY

The Knights of Columbus have just completed the erection of a Recreation Building at this post, to be devoted entirely for the pleasure of boys, and the secretarial staff declare themselves ready to commence active work.



The Building is a very attractive Club House and equipped in an up-to-date fashion, suitable for use as writing room, and reading room, dance hall and other entertainments. The American Library Association has furnished an excellent assortment of books and magazines and other matters for the library. Two of the nine tables which was so kindly donated to the Welfare Associations by Mr. Frank Loughran, of Asheville, have been placed in the Building. The K. of C. have provided stationery, victrola, piano, various games and athletic equipment for the comfort of the boys.

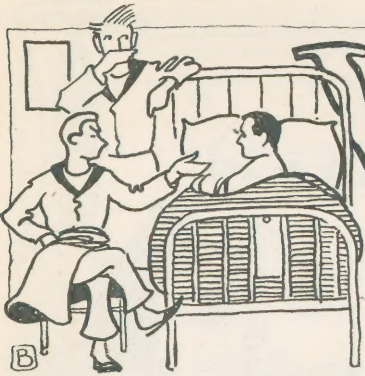


The Secretarial Staff at the present time consists of William P. Grace, who has been appointed as General Secretary of this camp, and Joseph Downie, who has already proved himself a ready mixer and a clever entertainer. Both men agree that it is a pleasure and an inspiration to their work to receive such kind co-operation from the officers and enlisted men as has been manifested already.



There is no doubt that the K. of C. will do effective work among the patients and detachment men here as they have been doing in the other camps both home and abroad. They have adopted as their slogan, "Everybody Welcome" and "Everything Free." They have an ideal and a standard. They are fulfilling this ideal and maintaining the standard.





That pinochle crowd in Barracks 205 complain this war business is cutting into their game altogether too much.

★ ★

Powell and Brandt, whose arguments seem to have no end, closed their day yesterday by the former saying, "Brandt, if your brains were nitro-glycerine, you wouldn't have enough to blow your nose."

★ ★

W-1 suggest that either a row boat or a pair of rubber boots be left at the office door. If not obtainable a few patches on the roof would suffice.

★ ★

Coffey wrote home asking for \$10.00 and mentioned the fact that he was learning typewriting and touch system. Father replied: "Here's the \$10.00—you're becoming a master of the touch system."

★ ★

Pvt. (as Sontag slips several notes on his bugle). What's that—sick call?

★ ★

The Army is made up of just one damned call after another.

★ ★

If the Ward Surgeon expects Wheatley to stay off his feet, he must keep Clapp, of C-2, playing, "Those Memphis Blues," on his fiddle. Wheatley simply can't keep his feet still.

★ ★

Standard, please police your face more, and the ground less, and we'll strike a higher average.

★ ★

Is frail Pvt. Pat Sullivan long of this world we wonder? Only six foot five—and has fallen away to a mere 225 pounds.

★ ★

MacDonald with his new accordion makes life more miserable for us each day.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

Pvt.—We are paid the same as war dogs.

Sergeant—How's that?

Pvt.—One bone per day.

★ ★

Some think there will be a serious shortage of vegetables after the war, due to the fact that there will be no "germination."

★ ★

Fond Papa—Will you be able to accustom my daughter to the same sort of misery she has had since the start of war?

He—Easily. I'm a private.

★ ★

This is a sure enough reconstruction hospital—we can take a professor, lawyer or a \$10,000 salesman, and make him a thoroughly efficient window cleaner, ward aide or kitchen mechanic in a week's time.

★ ★

We are sure, Wilson, you will have better success if you drive those mules in the daytime when you're awake.

★ ★

Examining Surgeon — Have you any scars?

Rook—No, sir, but I have a few cigarettes, if they'll do as well.

★ ★

Our popular Sergeant Dell will not have to finish his prayer from now on with "And that I may be granted a stripe. Amen."

★ ★

A new customer arriving at Headquarters today was assigned at 3:00 p.m. to Ward C-3. Guess the maze of corridors swallowed him up as the Police Sleuths have been unable to find him up to nine o'clock.

★ ★

Lieut.—Right dress! (Noting Poore, at first drill, keeping eyes dreamily to front). Dress up!

Poore (startled). Sorry, sir, these are the best clothes I've got.



Cohen—I bet I am dirtier than you are.

Meyer—Why shouldn't you be? You're five years older than I am.

★ ★

Because of the excessive rains which we have had for the past three weeks the Q. M. is going to issue O. D. Umbrellas and rubbers to the Detachment.

★ ★

Despite the fact that Asheville has gone wet, we are still as thirsty as ever.

★ ★

Up to the time of publication the report that a submarine base is located on Black Mountain has not been verified.

★ ★

We hear that Q. M. Sergeant Conners is going to use Sgts. Ward and Fox as flower girls—and popular Nick Dellasanti as file closer.

★ ★

Aanestead, phiosophizing, as he will at times, says the Army is just like marriage—the first twenty years are always the worst.

★ ★

Sgt.—How many here can run a Ford?

Gang—I. Me. Here. Etc., etc.

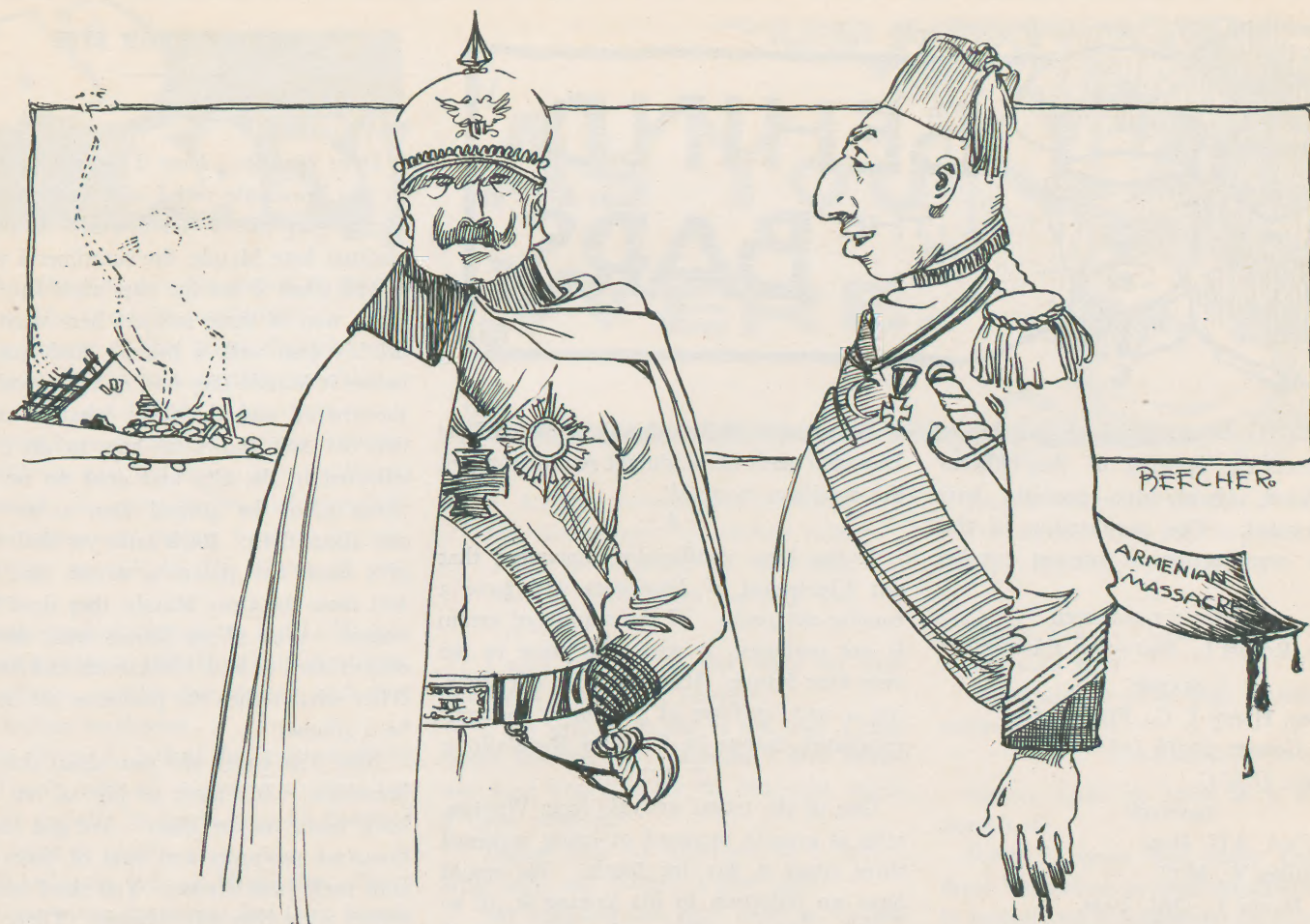
Sgt.—Good; come over to the General Kitchen; we'll need a dozen for the automatic dish washer—and there's no danger of skidding.

★ ★

Altho' 'Univer,' of W-1, is an artist, he hasn't succeeded in drawing any pay for three months.

★ ★

We have a surplus of available material which we shall use in future issues. It is not our desire to slight a single ward. Please keep pushing the stuff in. Appropriate photographs are desired—if you have a camera, get it out. Fill up your contribution boxes — because, after all, this is your paper—and you must help to make it a big go.



THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK—"GEE, BILL, I WISH I WAS A WHITE MAN. DON'T YOU?"

CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

"I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand
Looking out across the land
Where the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowlands and the mire
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self,
Come up higher, come up higher."

—J. G. CLARKE, Ward I-5.

CHRISTMAS BOXES TO BOYS ABROAD

Dimensions must be limited to 9x4x3—108 cubic inches. The weight must not exceed three pounds. It must be mailed by midnight November 15th. Rather crude cold facts, yet the hearts' wishes of millions for a Merry Christmas are to be summed up in these limited sized packages. And are you to be in on making some lone fighter's day a brighter one over there? It will take only a little time to get those three pounds together—but you'll have to hurry.

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

With the thought foremost in our minds that General Hospital No. 19, is not only going to be seen, but it is going to be heard our musical organizations is an assured fact. The one big feature is to be the Hospital Band. A careful canvass has shown that we have a lot of talent right here with us. Several instruments have been donated by the good people of Asheville. Some of the men have their own here, and others have sent home for them.

A part of the money necessary for more instruments and for music, has been raised. Rehearsals will soon be under way. The orchestra, too, is about to begin rehearsals, as well as the Jazz Band, of mandolins, banjos and guitars.

Just watch out for the roll of the big Bass Drum. If you have not signed up, see Lieut. Clark, and get a chance to blow a horn in the Hospital Band.

Captain (sharply). Button up that coat!
Married Recruit (absently). Yes, my dear!

. M . D .  . V . S .

ALL HE KNEW

A new recruit was recently transferred to Hospital Detachment. As the Detachment had a limited number of men, it became necessary to place the rookie on guard detail the third day after his arrival. The sole preparation of rookie for his duties as a sentinel consisted of two readings of General Orders for Sentinels, and a week's drill. His first round came in daytime and passed uneventfully. However, he had scarcely started on his second shift when he perceived an officer nearing his post.

"Halt!"

The officer stopped.

"Attention!"

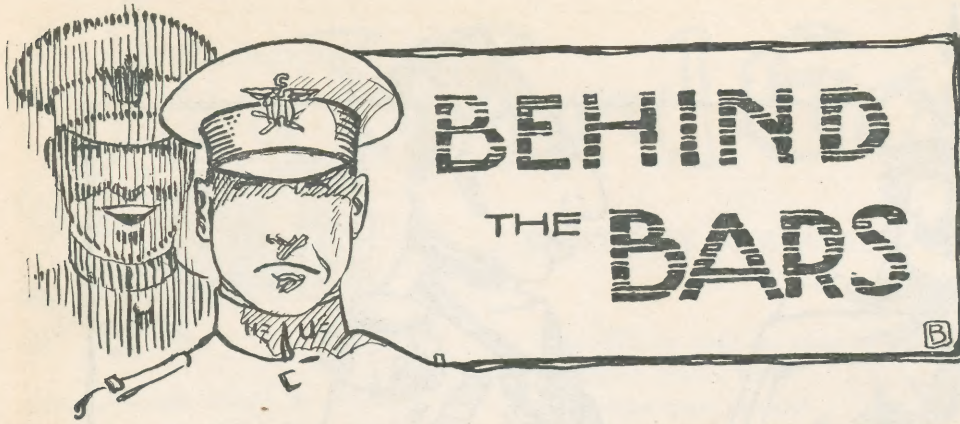
The captain was rather amazed, but being a Medical Officer with slight knowledge of military matters, he obeyed command. When a minute had passed and the sentry did not tell him to pass on, the officer angrily demanded:

"Well, what are you going to do with me?"

In his desperation he gave the only military orders he could think of.

"At Ease. Forward March."

—F. E. SWIGER.



DURING the month which has elapsed since the opening of the Officers' Ward, twenty-nine patients have been admitted. The membership of this exclusive organization at present consists of:

LIUTENANT-COLONEL

Flanigan, Robert L., *Sixty-first Pioneer Inf.*

MAJOR

Humphrey, Henry J. C., *Fifth Inf.*

McAdie, George, *165th Inf.*

Saye, Carl, *Q.M.C.*

CAPTAIN

Adams, Carl, *A.G. Dept.*

Kay, William V., *M.C.*

Sheeran, David J., *Ord. Dept.*

Whitney, Harold M., *D.C.*

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Baier, George F., *158th D.B., M.C.*

Cannon, Henry E., *Sixty-first Pioneer Inf.*

Crabbe, Harold M., *151st F.A.*

Crews, John D., *Fifth Bn., F.A.R.D.*

Derr, Grover C., *119th Inf.*

Keppler, William F., *Eighth F.A.R.D.*

Nolen, Beverly T., *120th Inf.*

Redwood, John P., *Forty-eighth Inf.*

Skelley, Raymond E., *Sixty-first Pio. Inf.*

Walker, Charles E., *M.C.*

SECOND LIEUTENANT

Broyles, Ralph E., *Air Service.*

Desmond, Joseph F., *M.G.T.C.*

Herrod, Harry, *Eleventh Inf.*

Logee, Dwight F., *First Repl. Eng.*

Manahan, John L., *San. C.*

Morse, Jon D., *Cas. Det., 27th Div.*

Scott, Francis M., *Third Tr. Regt.*

Small, Raymond E., *151st D.B., Ing.*

Smith, Charles, *Seventh F.A.R.D.*

Shafer, George, *Inf.*

— ★ —

Which are the more dangerous, the medical officers or the officer patients? The Officers' Ward has had eight nurses, and two more are about to be transferred. We mourn our loss!

B

We are still looking for the Officer of the Day who made his midnight rounds through the corridors mounted.

— ★ —

It has been unofficially announced that our Lieutenant of Engineers will have a coming-out party. If the supply of cream is not curtailed, it will take place in the very near future. His excuse for not ordering a new uniform at present is the contemplated change in Uniform Regulations.

— ★ —

One of the recent arrivals from Waynesville is greatly incensed at being wakened three times a day for meals. We would have no objection to his sawing it, if he would only lay off occasionally to stack it up.

— ★ —

In the near future we hope to present our readers with some articles from the fluent pen of the Professor, on such subjects of general interest as "T.B. or not T.B.," "Oteen and Nicotine," etc.

— ★ —

Has anyone seen the Lieutenant lately who, on the day of his arrival, volunteered to do "any little errands for us" when he was down town?

— ★ —

Of course, we are forced to admit that at times nurses have found it hard to maintain their professional manner, e.g.:

Brand new Nurse sedately enters pool-room.

Gallant Captain, anxiously: "Oh, Nurse! Have you seen Arthur?"

Nurse, gravely: "Arthur who?"

G. C.: "Arthermometer."

Exit Nurse hurriedly. And she *smiled!!* (This to the scandal and disgrace of the military service).



LETTER FROM BILL

Miss Maude Bouton,
Old Fork, Ga.

Dere Maude: Here I be for sum time in this horsebitle and I aint had no chanct to rite you like I sed I wud. I aint no pashunt here Maude, tho sumtimes I wishes I wus when I see the etes what they gets. I am won of them soldjers here what does all his fiten with a brum. And wud you beleve it Maude they had us rakin and hoin the ground and the feller what is sargent over us and shows us how to do it wus edicated in the city and dont no no more about tillin the ground then a bo weevil nos about flyin. Back hum yer dad wudnt give hime five dolars a month and kepe. But thats the army Maude, they dont figger nohow. Won of the fellers what does the cookin used to be a blacksmith and another feller what teches the pashunts art used to be a plumer.

Now I'm goner tell you about this here horsebitle. It's most as big as our town back hum, maybe bigger. We got most a thousand pashunts and sum of them have cum back from franse. You shud here the stories what they tell, Maude. There grate and sum of them are tru.

They got a store here what they call the post exchange. Jest like the post office store back hum. You can by anything you want when they got it. Sumtimes they got it. You-all shud see the pianer what they got what plays surenuff without pushin the keyes. All what you got to do is put a nickle in the slot and it plays like you play on the orgin. I likes your playin better Maude it dont cost no nickle.

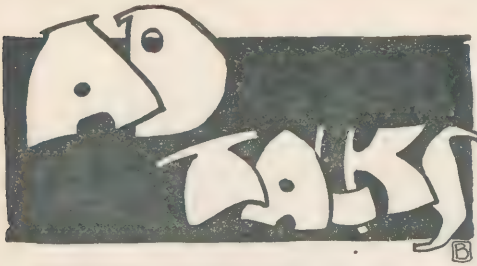
I jest got done payin for my last libertie bond when along comes this here nu lone and I got to by a nother. Which remines me that time Jim Williams had a smashup in his ortermobile becaus the brakes give way. When they asked him why he didnt jump befor he wus reked, he sed befor he cud pick out a place to jump he had gone by. I dont see how we're ever goner win this war this way. They tells us that a fifty doller bond kin feed a soldjer four months and it takes us ten months to pay for it.

I'm goner rite regeler to you now Maude and tell yer what goes on here at this grate big place. If yer wants to no maybe of what to send me, I wud like awfully much one of them big cheeses what yer mother makes and also yer piktchur. But be sure and send the cheese.

Yer frend till I rite agin.

BILL.

—B.L.H.



Why advertise in camp papers in general and in The Oteen in particular?

The answer to this query depends upon whether or not you have anything a soldier—or his folks and friends at home can use.

If you have nothing, of course advertising will not pay, but if you have, judicious advertising in camp papers and especially in The Oteen will mean a bonanza for you.

But let us talk of The Oteen in particular.

At the present time there are 1,000 convalescent patients, 300 Hospital Corps men, 100 officers, seventy-five nurses and over 100 civilian employees.

The Oteen is looked for each week by 2,000 souls with an eagerness no other paper can impel. Its pages are well thumbed from cover to cover.

Not only the lads in khaki, the officers and their wives, the nurses, but their friends and folks at home will hear your message, for an average of five copies a person is sent home.

Thus thru the medium of The Oteen can you profitably speak to 12,000 possible and probable buyers.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT

First Call	5:30 A.M.
Reveille	6:00 A.M.
Assembly	6:25 A.M.
Mess	6:30 A.M.
Fatigue	7:00 A.M.
Sick Call	7:45 A.M.
Recall (From Fatigue)	11:30 A.M.
Assembly	11:55 A.M.
Mess	12:00 M.
Fatigue	1:00 P.M.
Drill	2:00 P.M.
Recall (From Fatigue)	4:30 P.M.
Assembly	4:45 P.M.
Retreat	5:00 P.M.
Assembly	5:55 P.M.
Mess	6:00 P.M.
Call to Quarters.....	9:30 P.M.
Tattoo	10:00 P.M.
Taps	10:15 P.M.

Sundays and Holidays

First Call	6:30 A.M.
Reveille	7:00 A.M.
Breakfast	7:00 A.M.
Retreat	5:00 P.M.



Extracts from letters written to the Government by soldiers' families in relation to allotment money, with exact wording and spelling:

"I ain't received no pay since my husband has gone, from nowhere."

"I am writing to you to ask why I have never received my elopment. His money was kept from him for the elopment, which I never received."

"Please send my allotment as I have a little baby and Knead it every day."

"My husband has gone away at Crystal Palace. He got a few days furrow and has been on a mind sweeper."

"We have your letter. I am his grandfather and grandmother. He was borne and brot up in this house according to your letter."

"You have changed my lettle boy to a lettle girl. Will it make any difference?"

"Please let me know if John has put in an application for wife and child."

"My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon. Will I get More pay?"

"Will you please send me my money as soon as possible, as I am walking about Boston like a blooming pauper?"

"You have taken my man away to fight. He was the best I ever had. Now you will have to keep me. Who in Hell will if you dont?"

Guard—Who's there?

Voice—Your Sergeant.

Guard—Advance, enemy!—Ward Healer

Sleep is one of the greatest of luxuries. For heaven's sake don't say that or they'll tax it.—*Baltimore American.*

Traffic Cop — Come on! What's the matter with you?

Truck Driver—I'm well, thanks, but me engine's dead.

Society finds its levee in a street car, doesn't it?

Well, it shows how many people who think themselves in good standing are merely hangers-on.—*Baltimore American.*

I heard your last servant was a regular thief. Well, I wouldn't use so harsh a word but I will say that the only thing we could leave around with any safety was a bath.—*Indianapolis Star.*

Capt.—Didn't you hear me give the command to fix bayonets?

Pvt.—Yes, Captain, but my bayonet is all right; there is nothing about it to be fixed.

Hello, what's your hurry, man? Wait a minute!

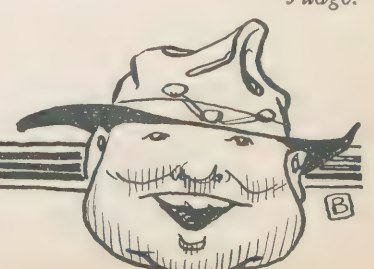
Can't. I'm off trying to get something for my wife.

Oh, I see. What are you asking for her?

I'm glad they drafted Titewad. Maybe he'll learn to treat when it comes his turn.

Well, I understand one of the first things they teach a soldier is setting-up exercises.

—Judge.



Success to "The Oteen"

And a hearty welcome to the Soldier Boys of General Hospital No. 19, Azalea. At your command with a complete line of military accessories.

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS
O. D. KHAKI SHIRTS
MILITARY HATS
O. D. SWEATERS

LEATHER PUTTEES
SPIRAL PUTTEES
CANVAS LEGGINGS
O. D. GLOVES

R. B. ZAGEIR

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you get at the Camp, patronize

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Prop.

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Phone 694

MANICURING

*If our Service Pleases You, Tell Others;
If Not, Tell Us.*

A RIDDLE

Upon the request of several of my friends (?) I have decided to risk propounding the following riddle:

Fourth Commandment of Miss Jackson is: "Thou shalt not sit on the beds." When making sick call the lieutenant often sits on bed as he asks questions, with Miss Jackson standing beside him. Question, "If not yes, why anyway?"

Orderly—"Want any eggnog, Gater? It is good brain food."

Alli — "Brain food? Say, what would you have if you left out the eggs?"

Orderly—"Just rain food." —S.L.P.

Use only one spoonful of sugar in your coffee—and stir like hell! We don't mind the noise.

EGGLESS EGGNOG

Hark! I hear a murmur
Running through the trees
Growing ever louder, softer
With each floating breeze.
Hear the wind a-whispering.
What is it trying to say?
It is coming nearer, nearer,
It is saying, "No Pay! No Pay!"
And the words it whispered
Are with me night and day.
That floating murmur of the wind
That e'er repeat'd, "No Pay!"

OBSCURE DREAMS

Dreaming isn't nourishing but it is consoling. Lazy fellows and geniuses indulge in it, and we do a bit of it, too. We, who are the pioneers, who broke ground on the plateau of Azalea for the wonders to come, we like to dream through the hardships of the assembling and the organizing that which is to be. And the pioneers are the men. What does your friend know of the realness of life who crosses the plains buried deep in the luxuries of a Pullman, taking his fat, expensive cigar from his lips only long enough to give Nature a patronizing glance through the car window. Rather ask the man who traversed the same country in his canvas-covered wagon with nothing prepared for him but disappointment and hardship, grief and anguish.

We are the pioneers of Azalea. Let us walk the winding road to the top of the hill and climb into the lookout at twilight, with the lights twinkling below through the hazy blue-grey of the Hospital. Let us half close our eyes—and here we are in the future. There before us is an exquisitely perfect institution with thousands of men, activity, life. Life combatting the forces of death; pleasure in the fighting, the doing; but the greater pleasure to the men lifting themselves by their own efforts out of the abyss. Men entering shattered in health and leaving, to whatever pursuit, with springy step and head erect. Vast, orderly, harmonious constructive work looming up so large that you can almost walk around it and feel the throb of it.

But there we go; dreams lift us off the firm earth and let us go wafting off on filmy talk like a honey-colored bubble in the sky. But is it filmy talk, is it unreal? Were the dreams of the pioneers of old real? As real as the concrete road that leads you to your destination. Our dreams are the firm foundation upon which the reality will be built. Our dreams *will* come true.

—LT. J. B. STENBUCK.

NEW NON-COMS APPOINTED

We are glad to announce the following promotions at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 19, to become effective from November first:

Sergeants Alfred M. Kahn, Russell R. Radford and Edward S. Black, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Sergeants, First Class, Medical Department.

Corporals Dudley C. Andrews, Jr., Glyn Lewis, Edwin Loewy, Roland J. Pierce, Arthur Sommer and Alfred P. Zabin, Medical Department, Private, First Class, Harry Goldman, Medical Department, and Privates Mathew Beecher, Jr., Claude M. Bolser, Raphael DeLaCoeuillerie, William J. Knight and Joseph A. Lemieux, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Sergeants, Medical Department.

Privates, First Class, Benjamin Feinstein, William E. Gilligan, and Kenneth L. Leonard, Medical Department, and Privates William M. Fox, John Haley, Peter J. Meidinger, Harold A. Morris, Neil Sussman and Nathan Weiss, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Corporals, Medical Department.

Privates Marvin H. Chandler and Joseph L. Vickers, Medical Department, are hereby rated as Cooks, Medical Department.

Private, First Class, Calvin A. Bachman, Medical Department, is hereby rated as Nurse, Medical Department. Privates Walter E. Barnes and Leslie H. Grimm, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Privates, First Class, Medical Department, and rated as Dispensary Clerks, Medical Department. Private Michael J. Shea, Medical Department, is hereby appointed Private, First Class, Medical Department, and rated as Surgical Assistant, Medical Department.

Privates James Q. Baker, Marcus U. Broadaway, Clarence E. Clark, Lewis C. Conner, Paul Feldherr, William E. Felton, Edward J. Glackner, Morris Goldman, Henry Hall, Solomon Horn, Manuel D. Kornfeld, Paul Lawrence, Herbert J. Lowenthal, Robert L. Mendelsohn, Joel M. Moore, Emmett C. Nelson, Otto Oscher, John Poore, Andrew L. Rayfield, Gaylord W. Richey, Marion D. Savage, David P. Self, Henry H. Sonntag, Ezra T. Titshaw, William B. Trehwella, Irwin M. Wall, Luther D. Walker, Smith L. Wetherington and Adam G. Wyatt, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Privates, First Class, Medical Department.

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SICK ROOM SUPPLIES, including a large stock of Rubber Goods of the best makes. LUNCHEONETTE DEPARTMENT, where you will find palatable soups, sandwiches, etc. FOUNTAIN DRINKS, the best and most appetizing in the city.

MUSIC by Pappalardo's three-piece Orchestra each afternoon from 4 to 6.

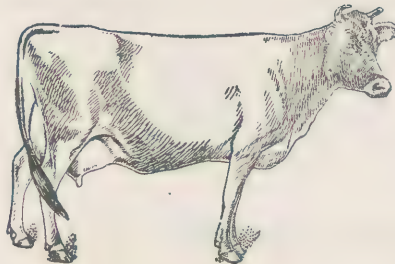
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Superior Milk Products

MEN of the POST

THE subscription list for The Oteen is open. Seventy-five cents for three months—postpaid. Dispatched the morning of publication. Insure the folks getting the camp doings promptly. Six months \$1.25—one year \$2.25. Fill out the following blank and mail promptly to the Circulation Manager, The Oteen, Azalea, North Carolina.

Enclosed find.....for which send The Oteen
for.....months to

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Apparel

Nowhere in this part of the South will be found such a complete and high-class stock of Merchandise. For the discriminating, we have a wide selection in our various departments, including Military Goods for officers and enlisted men, Men's Furnishings and Shoes, Women's Ready-to-Wear, Sport Clothes for Women, Sporting Goods and all outdoor comforts.

A Welcome

We take this occasion to extend a cordial welcome to all of G. H. No. 19 and beg leave to show the real meaning of service and genuine Southern hospitality.

UNION CAFÉ

B. M. SHEPHERD, Proprietor

Overlooks the Azalea Hospital

A RESTAURANT catering to the wants of Azalea's civilian and soldiering population. Our specialty is Ham and Eggs.

Join the "Noon-Day" Crowd

C. P. LINGERFELT

General Grocer, Merchandise

*At the entrance to the Post
Azalea, North Carolina*

The favorite spot for
Sandwiches, Soft Drinks
Candy, etc.

BILL MARTIN'S SNAKE

"Say, Alli, did you hear Bill Martin tearing off that story after mess tonight? You didn't? Well, it was pretty darn good and Bill said it was true, *but*—— Who is Bill Martin? Why, he is that big, red-cheeked Kentuckian who throws a bluff that he is sick."

"Yes," says Bill, "it sometimes pays to be kind to dumb animals."

"I was up in mountains a few years ago on a walking trip for my health," he continued. "On one occasion night was rapidly approaching while I still had many miles to travel before reaching my night's lodging. As I was hurrying along, I heard the whirr of a rattler ahead of me. Naturally, I stopped dead and didn't make a move until I had located the snake. Instead of trying to kill the snake, I made a wide detour around him. I was much surprised on turning around when had gone down the path a few yards to see that the snake was following about fifteen feet behind me. I stopped and immediately the snake curled up but made no move toward me. As I neared town I forgot about it."

"Arrived at my stopping place for the night, I ate a light supper and went immediately to bed as I was rather tired."

"About one o'clock I was awakened by a terrible racket downstairs. I lay in bed for a few minutes but as the noise continued I slipped into my clothes and started to locate the trouble. In the hallway I found a badly scared host, half dressed, who followed me downstairs and into the room where the commotion was. No harm coming to me I requested him to procure a light. My host soon reappeared with a lamp from the kitchen and we looked for the source of the trouble, and were astounded to discover over by the window, a burglar with my rattlesnake wound tightly around him and its tail out the window rattling for a policeman." —S.L.P.

THE MISSOURI MULE ABROAD

A patient but vain effort on the part of a khaki-clad driver to induce a mule, drawing a load of laundry, through the gateway of a local hospital afforded considerable amusement to the boys in blue watching the proceedings. The mule would do anything but pass through the gateway.

"Want any 'elp, chum?" shouted one of the boys in blue to the driver.

"No," replied the driver, "but I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!" —*Tit-Bits*.

DETACHMENT NOTE

OBEDIENCE is the first principle and cardinal characteristic of a good soldier. An order is to be obeyed strictly and executed as given—regardless—then if you have a grievance go to the proper authority—your Detachment Commander. Oftentimes orders originate far above the person that is giving them — and the non-com or officer may be only fulfilling his duty. Your oath makes it essential that you obey all orders, should they be against your judgment or not. Initiative is a good trait, but in the Army superiors must be followed to the point—that a perfect military machine may be perfected.

LOYALTY is one of the strongest foundations upon which to build a military career. When we find a loyal soldier, we usually find a good soldier. Be loyal, first, to your country, to your Command, to your home, and to yourself.

DISCIPLINE may be termed the habit of obedience, and the preservation of law and order. Without it a commander could not get very far with an Army. Discipline must originate with the individual soldier—and with that thoroughly instilled into his makeup — the division will build itself. We are prone to thinking that because we are in America, and not in France, we are not ranking with the men abroad. A thoroughly efficient soldier doing his work here, and doing it well, on the final count will not be found lacking. There is not the flare and glory here that there is to foreign service—and we get little of the praise. Remember that the large machines are only made by the perfect working smaller parts—and we are a very necessary and essential part of the Army, and the boys over there would be unable to do their bit if we were not over here backing them up by doing our bit. **LIEUT. W. L. WHITE,**
Detachment Commander.

A BOYS' SCHOOL JOKE

A boys' school recently had a great joke on former President Taft. Mr. Taft had come to address the school. On coming up to the hall his eye fell upon the sign "Push" on the door, and he determined to incorporate this idea in his address.

"Boys," he finished, "let your motto be but one word. Let that, and that only, raise you to a position of trust. And that word is there upon your door."

As all eyes turned to the door a loud chuckle spread over the room, for the sign on the inside read: "Pull."—*HomeJournal*

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Use our Stores for your convenience.

BILTMORE DRUG STORE

**Long Life to
The Oteen!**

We are glad to make your acquaintance through the columns of your new paper and extend a cordial invitation to the Officers, Men and Nurses of

Hospital No. 19

to make our Store their headquarters when in Asheville. A cordial reception awaits you, whether you wish to buy or to look. Rest Room for Ladies, Second Floor.

We have been in business here since 1881 and carry a large and varied stock of Fine Dress Goods, Silks and Notions, Clothing and Haberdashery for Men, Women's Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Curtains, Rugs, Blankets, Comfortables, Trunks, Bags, etc., etc.

Our best attention and service is always at your command.

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ONE PRICE STORE SINCE 1881

BUGS AND BALL

The bacillus of influenza is a husky, fearless, careless, ubiquitous bug. He respects neither degree nor wealth. We are reliably informed that the King of Spain was attacked, and Azalea had victims of his insidious campaign. Discretion is the better part of valor. Instead of marching out boldly and defying the Spanish devils, we hid behind the barricade of the quarantine, though it hurt our pride.

The Committee on Athletics had some ambitious ideas and an extensive program of sports to be carried out this fall. It had visions of a football team with eleven husky men tearing through anything these mountains might produce, of stands filled with enthusiastic supporters from U.S.A. General Hospital No. 19, of ———! Visions smashed! The bug and medical authorities stepped in. The medical authorities in their usual impersonal way intimated that it wouldn't be healthy for twenty-two men in the field and hundreds in the stands to waft bacilli influenza one to another. But the bacillus can't last forever. Remember the old songs about clouds with their silver lining. Soon the bug will breathe his last and then we'll be able to step out and stretch our limbs.

It is the aim of the committee to have representative teams from each barracks and a hospital team picked from these teams in each sport. In certain cases patients whose condition allows, will be permitted to participate. For example, each barracks will develop its own basketball team which will play a series of games with teams from the other barracks. The best players will be chosen to represent the Hospital against teams of men in the various schools and hospitals and clubs nearby. The same principle will apply to baseball, field and track teams.

Of course things are in their formative stage at present. The variety and extent of sports and games at U.S.A. General Hospital No. 19 does not depend upon the committee but upon the desire and interest shown by the men themselves. Half-heartedness, and complaints about equipment and facilities for games remind us of the poor carpenter complaining about his tools, but display of ginger and red-bloodedness will make for the upbuilding of each man who participates and for the athletic glory of U.S.A. General Hospital No. 19.

—FIRST LIEUT J.B.S.

REST, AIR, EATS, EXERCISE

That is what we are here for, rest, air, eats, and exercise. That is the quartet of legs that the cure of tuberculosis rests so securely upon. We partake of these all in abundance and as a result it is but a short while before we all blush every time that we make out our pay voucher. However there comes a time when there is something lacking. We begin to ponder and worry and fret and become irritable. The trouble is, we are beginning to wonder what we shall do now that we are to be cured, what we are to do to keep the family bank account a few degrees ahead of the well-known wolf. In short, we know that we even as cured cases will never be the same men that we were when we came into the Army. We know that our life will forever have to be regulated.

Uncle Sam has recognized this fact full well and that is why he has decreed that reconstruction schools shall apply to, and be for, the benefit of the wounded. For we have in truth a wound, which is far worse than a wounded and useless leg for instance. It seems that in the reconstruction school we, who don't have to worry about the future so much, can be of great help, and even may carry on so that we need no longer blush when we receive our monthly check. In short, when the Rest and Air and Eats have done their duty, and we are in a mental state that seeks employment as an outlet for surplus energy, we may fit very snugly in the scheme of the Reconstruction School. I know of officers here who are exceedingly well fitted for the post of teaching Mechanical and Architectural Drawing. There are those who are fully capable of instructing in various Engineering Vocations which are more or less applicable to the tubercular. I know of others who are fully capable of teaching the various automobile vocations.

A very important factor to consider is that every post so taken by one who has no chance of ever reaching the line again, is going to release a perfectly well man for the posts that must necessarily be occupied only by the physically well and strong.

Therefore to the beneficent quartet of Rest, Air, Eats and Graduated Exercises we are compelled to add, sooner or later, Instruction, in what is to be the future life work of the patient. And to those who do not need such instruction, but who are capable of acting as instructors, along this path is the ultimate road to health.

—Geo. F. Baier, 1st Lt. M.C. U.S.A.

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OUR FIELD DAY

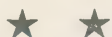
That our Hospital must be higher in morale, morals and physical condition than any other in the country was the edict of our Commanding Officer some time ago. This was proved to a great extent, and Azalea, our little army city in the pines, was put on the map of North Carolina in the recent Field Day Meet of General Hospital No. 19, by the enlisted personnel and patients. Over a thousand participated in making the day a success—officers, nurses and line men—every one livening up the occasion, and as the sun went down, and our retreat call came, we felt it the best day since "being in." The enthusiasm of the crowd, held down perhaps in these days of our quarantine, quickly mounted as the entries got under way, and the "fringe" spectators enlivened the proceedings with their terse witticisms, "harmony parties," etc.

The festivities were in the able hands of a committee of officers, "top" sergeant Mindheim and Sgt. "Del." The meet opened at 2:30 by the different detachments marching onto the main field, in front of the officer's ward. The army barrier was let down and officers blended with privates on the open field, becoming a common band of citizenry to make toward a better understanding. A hundred yard straightaway had been layed out, a sixteen foot ring constructed and the usual mirth-provoking stunts were run off—the old familiar egg and spoon race, shoe and barrel race, sack race, block race for the patients bull throwing contests, and that peerless pair Morant and Rose "buck and winged" to their hearts' content. The nip and tuck races were then run—the 100 and 440 yard dashes—requiring several heats—the fire drill, ball throwing, etc. Competition was keen, each barracks being eligible to enter two men, and the men proved themselves finished athletes. The prize events of the day were two boxing bouts, by the fastest boys to be had in the camp—and the enthusiasm of the onlookers was apparent every moment of the "go." Prizes were distributed, many of which were given through the kindness of our merchant friends in Asheville.

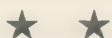
This is essentially a Reconstruction Hospital. One real means of rebuilding seems to lie in the active participation of events such as those held Saturday, October 19th. Surely the boys will return to their homes better and stronger for their experiences.

The results were as follows:

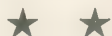
At the Mountain City Laundry
clothes go in soiled and come
out clean and fresh.



Your laundry is delivered to you
when you want it.



Try us with your next lot of
soiled clothes.



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PHONES 426-427

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

REJUVINATED POST EXCHANGE

The Post Exchange has secured a new lease of life, having been taken over by Lieut. Kinderman. Efficiency in service, and a general readjustment of prices, due to the inauguration of a new system by the Post Exchange Officer, will make the POSTEX a merchandising center far superior to what it has been. A trial will convince you.

FROM THE COLORED BOYS

The Colored Boys wish this official communication "sure" run in this issue—and here goes—

The Boys of E-9 wish to thank the Lt. Colonel for the carton of cigarettes which he gave them for the cleanliness of their ward. And they will continue to live up to their motto, "Dirt cannot stay where there's a disease to be cured."

Egg and Spoon Race

1. Davis Sexton, E-5.
2. Rud Palecek, C-2.
3. David Murphy, C-2.

Shoe and Barrel Race

1. D. L. Brown, E-6.
2. Crawford, W-3.
3. Lipschultz, C-2.

Ball Throwing (275 Feet)

1. Abbott, Barracks 243.
2. Dahl, Barracks 203.
3. Flynn, Barracks 203.

100 Yard (10 1-2 Seconds)

1. Rooney, Barracks 203.
2. Shay, Barracks 205.
3. Morris, Barracks 205.

Sack Race

1. Douglas, Barracks 241.
2. Shay, Barracks 205.
3. Gilligan, Barracks 205.

BLOCK RACE FOR PATIENTS

Bull Fighting

Andrews & Higdon, Barracks 243.

Fire Drill Between Two Teams

Winner, Knight's Fire Corpt.

Obstacle Race

1. Douglas, Barracks 243.
2. Shea, Barracks 205.
3. Gilligan, Barracks 205.

Boxing

Rooney and Andrews. (No decision in three rounds).

Ward and Wynn. (Ward given decision in second round).

A SURGEON'S MESSAGE

Efficiency is the vital necessity, hence:

1. Bathe at least every other day.
2. Keep clothing, quarters and self clean.

3. Eat only at mess.

4. *Dirt is merely matter out of place*, hence: Don't spit on the grounds, in the buildings, nor on your comrades.

Don't scatter rubbish. There's a "Right" place for both.

Don't be Dirty.

5. If you are feeling "off color," have no hesitancy about turning in on Sick Call—it can do no harm. More men are incapacitated from disease than from wounds. Therefore—

6. *Get on your job; save yourself.*

SPECIAL—NEXT WEEK

Private Murphy, who served a year and a half at the European battle front, is going to narrate the more exciting of his adventures in a serial starting in the next issue. Don't miss it.

WHEN IN TOWN MAKE YOUR DRUG STORE
HEADQUARTERS THE

BROADWAY PHARMACY

R. H. ROTH, Ph.G.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*The folks at home
want a good photograph of you.
Special prices to soldiers.*

Higgason

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Asheville, N. C.

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or Sporting Goods come to

OTTIS GREEN HARDWARE CO.

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A jack-knife is a handy thing to
carry in your pocket. We have a large
assortment at attractive prices.

Welcome, Thrice Welcome

We welcome "The Oteen" as a Message Bearer from Camp to City—From Soldier to Store—and from City to Camp, and Store to Soldier—We wish "The Oteen Long Life and Prosperity—

Bon Marche

Asheville's Best Department Store

Miss Cruise's Shop

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Facial and Scalp Electrical Treatments, Chiropody, Manicuring, Shampooing, Hair Dressing

PHONE 16

23 HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

WELCOME SOLDIERS

The Wachovia Bank & Trust Company welcomes to Western North Carolina our soldiers now stationed at Azalea. For those who are here to enjoy the healthful influences of the wonderful climate, and for those who are here in the discharge of their patriotic duty, a most happy and profitable sojourn is wished.

The officers and employees of this Bank will feel particularly favored when an opportunity presents itself whereby they can serve you in any way.

You are cordially invited to make full use of the facilities of North Carolina's Largest Bank.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

Member Federal Reserve System

Capital and Surplus Two Million Dollars

OBSERVATIONS OF SGT. BOLSER

The enrollment in reconstruction work has jumped with leaps and bounds during the past month. With a staff of only five people it has been a task to divide the groups into their best places. With a number of assistants promised shortly the Department hopes this month to place every man in the work he chooses to follow when he leaves the Hospital. On October the first the enrollment was ninety-six and on November 1st it had increased to over 400.

★ ★

Five or six departments are now actively organized and results are becoming more evident every day. The Farm Squad is diligently working in beautifying the grounds. The school squads are showing marked improvements under the tutelage of their instructors. The various ward assistants are getting the paper work of the wards into well running order. The carpenter squad is turning out much needed furniture for the various wards and offices. Quite a number of tables, filing cabinets and other articles of furniture are turned out each week.

★ ★

The newly installed tailor shop has been kept busy during reconstruction hours and it will be necessary to install more equipment for more patient tailors. The shop is open for work from any of the Detachment Officers, enlisted men and patients, at nominal prices.

★ ★

As soon as more assistants report a shoe repairing-shop will be started and will be run on the same plan as the tailor shop; that is, that patients desiring instruction in this work will find opportunity to learn a trade and at the same time do some really productive work. Nominal prices will be the order primarily for the benefit of the men on the reservation.

★ ★

A printing shop is planned in order to give instruction for those men who choose printing and allied trades for a future vocation. It is hoped that a plant of enough capacity will be installed to handle all of the post printing, including the printing of The Oteen. This establishment will furnish a foundation for such subjects as advertising, publicity, newspaper and magazine work, and other subjects pertinent to the printing trade.

Don't fail to mention The Oteen when you patronize our advertisers.

Through the kindness of Mrs. George Vanderbilt our Hospital has been given 500 white pine and balsam spruce trees with a number of flowering shrubs and all the Japanese honeysuckle needed for beautifying the reservation. The work of transplanting this shrubbery from Mrs. Vanderbilt's Biltmore Estate, and the transplanting, has already been started by the Reconstruction Department and it is hoped that enough shrubbery can be transplanted before freezing weather to materially change the appearance of the lawns. This work will furnish a number of patients a pleasant trip to the beautiful Biltmore Estate as well as give them some wholesome experience in beautifying their surroundings.

Dear Mr. Colonel:

I was a doughboy in Flanders—Gas got me
And my lungs thus exposed were easy play
for the "bugs."

Naturally I was despondent and didn't care
much what happened to me.

Before I knew it I was on the right side of
the Atlantic and

Transferred as a patient to this Hospital.

But it didn't seem much like a
Hospital to me because I always mentally
pictured such places to be surrounded
By gloom and severe-looking people. Here
was happiness and contentment.

It was even difficult to distinguish between
the sick and wells.

After no apparent cure I was sent to the
convalescent wards up on the

Mountain top. Here the sun rolls over the
hills and the clouds meet the

Earth in huge puffs. Soon I began to grow
optimistic and was no longer melancholy.

Hallowe'en—the time when ghosts are rampant
and goblins make life miserable for

Children—came. Capt. Graham, our fairy
Godfather, thought it appropriate that

We celebrate. Under the brilliant light of
a full moon, which seemed to be just

Beyond our reach, we feasted and sung and
danced and several had peculiar

Glistening eyes. We weren't patients any
longer, just happy children making merry

Looking back to the life in Flanders, with
its mud and shell holes and gas, I

Could never conceive of such a wonderful
metamorphosis. I am citing my own case,

Not because it is an exception, but because it
is typical. So, fellows, always remember

That there is a silver lining beyond the
dark cloud shining.

I thank you!

—M. D. K.

S. STERNBERG & CO.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*We Buy Anything
and
Sell Everything*

Correspondence Solicited

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5-10 AND 25c STORE N. C.

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The 5, 10 and 25c Store—A Dollar
Goes Far Here*

When thinking of Quality Merchandising
Bear in mind—

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DEPARTMENT
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We cater especially to Soldiers and their
Families—because we believe in them and
their cause.

Have Your
UNIFORMS
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Measure

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12 S. Pack Sq. Phone 797
Next to Southern Ry. Ticket Office

MILITARY TAILORS

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



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EDWIN L. RAY, *President*
JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*
WM. F. DUNCAN, *Asst. Cashier*

Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

BARON BEHEN HAS GROWN

Since the quarantine I have seen very little of the boys and their impression of my Wayside Inn is still of a small establishment. But while they have been busy I have been active. From the small establishment they have in mind, I have made a large and comfortable place where they can gather, eat and be merry.

I have made a specialty of real Southern Chicken Dinners. Price \$1.00.

Prices Reasonable and Service Excellent

BARON BEHEN'S WAYSIDE INN

At the Fork in the Road

Quality Uniforms

*in stock
and
Made-to-measure*

SUPERB tailoring
gives that desired
martial swank and snap
to *Adler-Rochester and
Kirschbaum Uniforms.*

IN STOCK now are
heavy serge and whipcord
uniforms—Overcoats—Sam-
my saks—Sweaters—Gloves
Wool Socks and a complete
line of accessories for the
army man.



*Showing the "Govern-
ment accepted"
Overseas Service
Coat—Rain-
proof with
detachable
wool
lining.*

I. W. GLASER

Phone 914

Men's Quality Shop

16 Patton Avenue

S P L E N D I D !

THIS institution has heard the plans for the publication of *The Oteen*, endorses them, pledges its support of them—and extends its sincere good wishes to the Editorial Staff, the Hospital Administration and the Patients.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE